

RAW JOURNALISTS.

The Efforts of Ambitious Youngsters at Interviewing.

Some Specimens of the Rudest Figures Cut by the Journalistic Front.

The tests to which a reporter's stamina is at times put are often severe and

frustrating. It is not always with success that the Chicago Post, among them, one which fairly tries the soul of the young one in a first assignment to interview some prominent personage.

It is seldom that any other instructions are given to him.

"So-and-so's at the hotel. Interview him for a column," says the city editor. And the young man, who has heard of the renowned visitor times without number, will without doubt immediately forget all he ever knew concerning the gentleman in question.

He will perhaps begin to feel that his youthful ideas of journalism were but a dream, and will be glad to accept of a steady job in the office.

But, however, he will not give up his ambition, and in the presence of the great man he goes, his mind a blank, and with the empty feeling which comes to one unaccustomed to associate with celebrities.

During the recent visit of ex-United States Senator Verplanck to Chicago, one of our journalistic boys called on him at the Auditorium. The Senator received him graciously and offered him a seat. He took it. His mind was still a blank, and a pinch did not come until the silence was broken by a question.

"What is the name of the newspaper you are writing for?"

"The Chicago Post," answered the young man.

"What is your name?"

"My name is John Smith," answered the young man.

"What is your address?"

"My address is 1234 North Dearborn street," answered the young man.

"What is your business?"

"I am a reporter," answered the young man.

"What is your salary?"

"My salary is \$100 a week," answered the young man.

"What is your ambition?"

"My ambition is to be a millionaire," answered the young man.

"What is your religion?"

"My religion is no religion," answered the young man.

"What is your favorite food?"

"My favorite food is no food," answered the young man.

"What is your favorite drink?"

"My favorite drink is no drink," answered the young man.

"What is your favorite color?"

"My favorite color is no color," answered the young man.

"What is your favorite sport?"

"My favorite sport is no sport," answered the young man.

"What is your favorite hobby?"

"My favorite hobby is no hobby," answered the young man.

"What is your favorite pastime?"

"My favorite pastime is no pastime," answered the young man.

"What is your favorite game?"

"My favorite game is no game," answered the young man.



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DEER HUNTING IN THE ANDES.

South American Indians Settle Any Advice Deer They Can Get.

The manner in which the South American Indians hunt deer in the Cordilleras is very interesting and somewhat ingenious.

First, ascertain the locality in which the animals congregate to graze, and then the men, women, and old children of the tribe make extensive preparations in the region.

In order to cause a stampede they blow horns, yell, and make other bewildering and outlandish noises.

As a natural consequence the frightened deer quit their grazing places.

They form in line in regular marching order, the elder males leading the way, followed by the females and young, while the rear of the column is brought up by the young bucks, who act as protectors to the centers.

The Indians now close in on them, seeing which the animals prepare to do battle for their lives.

The hunters then proceed to prepare the instruments of destruction, consisting of large lances, pestles, torches, and nooses fixed to long poles.

The worst enemy of the deer is the jaguar and wildcat, and their animosity to them is such that they have been known to leap over a hunter in order to attack either of these feline foes.

The Indians knowing this, employ it to great advantage during the hunt.

The women stuff a number of jaguar and cat skins, which are placed in prominent positions on the edge of precipices, in full view of the deer.

Immediately the bucks make a violent effort to get at them, in order to hurl them into the abyss beneath, but are thus treated themselves by the wily hunters, who push them over the cliff, where they are quickly hamstringed or otherwise disabled by the women, who are stationed below.

After the first onslaught on the stuffed figures, the remaining deer seem to recognize the fact that they have been tricked and huddle together, awaiting another attack.

Then the Indians throw lighted torches among them and a panic ensues. They make desperate efforts to escape, but the relentless hunters drive them over the crags until they see that a successful number have been captured.

Usually four or five hundred are taken, and not usually harm the females and fawns and also allow a few bucks to escape.

Very seldom is a doe killed, and if a fawn is captured it is humbly and liberally treated. The flesh is eaten by the Indians and also carried to the village to be sold, while the skins are either purchased by dealers or made up into various articles by those who assisted in their capture.

MENNONITES OF RUSSIA.

The hardships of a Christian sect under the Czar government.

The Mennonites of Russia, as well as the Amish, are complaining of the severities of the czar's government, and but for the obstacles to their emigration, the whole body of them would probably come to this country.

They are a Christian sect over three centuries old, and hold a baptismal doctrine not recognized by the orthodox Greek church.

They were first driven into their present refuge in the year 1783, when the czar's government had tried to drive them.

The Russian Mennonites, who number about 200,000, took up their habitation in southern Russia, on the sea of Azov, about a century ago.

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FRESH YOUTHS OF ENGLAND.

They Are Considered to Be Altogether Too Familiar.

If England—St. Lord Beaconsfield believed and maintained—is to be "saved by her young men," their countrymen of more mature age are justified in showing their serious consideration on any complaints of this kind.

It is our duty to look after these future saviors of the country, says the London Telegraph, and whenever we notice in them a tendency to decline from the standard of our own well-known virtues and to credit the admirable example which we have set them, the fact must be kindly but firmly pointed out to them.

It would be indeed a bad omen for the national future if the youth of England were really losing that chivalrous respect for the weaker sex by which the manners of their fathers, and we will add, their uncles, that have always distinguished and, though we do not ourselves take as depending a view on that point as prevails in certain quarters, we cannot deny that there are visible grounds for some uneasiness.

For instance, it is impossible not to notice a change for the worse in the young men of the present day toward the young women not related to him, or for any other reason so closely associated with him as to justify a tone of exceptional familiarity.

To overthrow a casual conversation between two young people of opposite sexes, however "nearly born and bred"—to quote the laureate's description, introduced by the song, with a rather of a "but" of his own, "Sea Dreams"—is to find food for very grave reflection.

We would not lay too much stress on the fact that the youth's manner of addressing the maiden is undoubtedly calculated to make the bones of their great grandmothers stir in the silent tomb.

We are quite willing to admit that the young man of today is just a little too much "out of the groove," and we profess no wish to revive the somewhat oppressive and excessive formality of the "sir" and "madame" days.

There is, however, surely some medium between the ceremonious and the free and easy; and if the gentleman has need to go to the ground, in addressing a lady, that is no reason why he should talk, speaking figuratively, to slapping her on the back.

The "half-fellow-well-met" style between the two sexes has, however, unquestionably gained ground, and it may be that the too common male habit of talking to women with a freedom and familiarity not formally used toward them which is gradually leading young men to avoid occasions of service which ladies expect from them. It must be difficult for a youth who is accustomed himself to treat his female partner as a tennis promiscuous as a "chum" or a "pal" to make a sudden and complete change of attitude toward her when she becomes his partner of the ballroom.

On occasions, indeed, on which he might very well be apt to forget that she had any more claim to precedence or preference, any more right to be waited upon and "looked after" by him, than would belong to a companion of his own sex.

ATTACKED BY A BUFFALO.

The Narrow Escape from Death of a Green Hunter.

Sir Samuel W. Barber in his latest book, "Wild Game Hunting in the West," narrates an adventure which shows that a hunter's life may depend upon his attention to small details.

Sir Samuel and Mr. Dick were standing in Africa, when they saw a solitary bull buffalo on the opposite side of a small creek.

The bull was evidently in a state of great excitement, for as the hunters drew near the creek he dashed them, tore up the turf with his horns, and looked down the perpendicular bank, twelve feet high, as though meditating descent.

Dick, who carried a little rifle, a single barrel, which shot a small amount of lead, but by Sir Samuel's advice abandoned his charge of powder.

"Am at the back of the neck if the buffalo lowers his head," Sir Samuel said to his companion, throwing a hard clod of earth so that it fell into the water at the foot of the bank.

The splash caused the animal to look down, exposing his neck. Dick first fired, and convulsively turned round, and fell upon his side.

"Never stand at the head of a buffalo whether dead or alive," exclaimed Sir Samuel, whose experience had taught him to be cautious. "Stand upon the side facing the back of the animal, and walk away from its legs, as I am standing now."

Scarcely had he uttered the words when the bull sprang to his feet and blundered forward straight at the astonished hunters, not three feet distant. He jumped backward, and Sir Samuel, who had tripped and fell upon his back right in the path of the savage bull.

As quick as lightning Sir Samuel drew his long hunting-knife and plunged it behind the buffalo's shoulder. The animal fell to the blow. He had received his death-stroke.

If the hunting-knife had not been tempered steel, with a keen edge and a sharp point, the story would have had a tragical ending. The blade, a part of an old "Andros" Ferraris' Highland claymore, was eight inches long, and two inches in breadth, double-edged, and as sharp as it was possible to make it.

Sir Samuel saw to it that it was always in the condition of a surgeon's lancet. He never left the camp for a day's shooting without first examining its point and edge. No servant was allowed to handle it, and he needed sharpening by himself.

When he struck the buffalo the sharp double edge of the long knife dashed the great artery of the heart.

Red-haired Women. A writer in an Indian journal has a word of encouragement for girls who lament having red hair. The Catharines, who made Russia great, had red hair; so had Maria Theresa, who saved Austria and made it the empire that it is; so had Anne of Austria, who ruled France for so long; so had Elizabeth of England, and Catherine II. of Russia; and Marie Antoinette, whose blonde tresses had in them a glint of gold.

THE SUCCESSFUL POULTERER. ALWAYS separate any fowls that show any indication of sickness.

OATS are a good food to make bone and muscle, but not for egg production.

A LITTLE flaxseed meal will be found valuable to add to the regular morning feed.

If the fowls refuse their feed, or do not eat it up clean, let them miss a meal or two.

One object in feeding is to get an increase in size as much as possible, at a low cost.

SAVE the egg shells, put them in the oven and burn them brown; then mash them fine and mix with the feed. It is healthy and beneficial to the fowls.

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